

# The Icelandic Canadian

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## *Changes in Personnel*

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In a voluntary organization such as this magazine there are bound to be changes in personnel from time to time. Especially is this true at present when everybody has felt the urgent need for engaging in various types of activities outside his chosen occupation. This is bound to continue throughout the transition and rehabilitation period but once peace time normalcy is reached there should be enough people available in each community for such extra services so that the load on each individual may not be so heavy.

Five members of the staff of the magazine, and a sixth who has worked incognito but very efficiently, have found other assignments so pressing that they could not see their way clear to continue. They all performed their duties in an efficient and conscientious way and have their full share in whatever goodwill may have been established between readers and the staff. We, who remain (and this is not the editorial we) feel the loss keenly and shall miss the valuable contribution they made, both in written material and in general discussion. It is, however, a matter of encouragement, not only to us but to all who wish the magazine well, that none of them left because they disagreed with the policy of the magazine or the purpose it seeks to fulfil and they all have offered to assist in an unofficial way.

Those who are retiring are the following: G. Finnbogason; J. G. Johannsson; B. E. Johnson; Sigrun Lindal; Steina J. Sommerville. The unnamed member of the staff is Olafia Finnbogason who has worked so untiringly on "Our War Effort" particularly during those times when her husband, Guttormur, has been

away on departmental duties. She volunteered to handle that work for the present issue.

But our loss has been compensated.

When it became known that these people could not stay the nominating committee began casting about for others to fill their places. Five persons were selected and a few more as alternates if some of them felt they could not accept.

We are happy to announce that all of the first five accepted—again an encouragement to the sponsors of the magazine and those left of the former staff.

The following are the new members.

Mrs. Holmfridur Danielson, joins the editorial board and has been appointed secretary of the board. She is the immediate past president of the Icelandic Canadian Club, has contributed to the magazine, and has written one of the articles in "Iceland's Thousand Years" and was largely instrumental in the publication of that splendid series of addresses.

Miss Stefania V. (Lella) Eydal, employed by the Columbia Press Ltd., publishers of Lögberg. Miss Eydal has had some experience in writing and has been asked to take charge of the miscellaneous types of reporting under the general caption: News Editor.

Miss Matthildur (Mattie) Halldorson who, during the last two years, has very efficiently performed the increasing duties of Secretary of the Icelandic Canadian Club, has assumed responsibility for the war effort department.

Capt. H. Freeman Skaptason is welcomed as a representative on the editorial board of those who served in the war. The magazine hopes to get an article

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from him on his experiences in the Italian campaign and elsewhere in Europe. Capt. Freeman edited a war magazine when he was stationed in Kingston, Ont., an experience which will be of value to him as a member of the editorial board.

Axel Vopnfjord is at present a teacher in one of the High Schools of Winnipeg.

For over eighteen years he has been engaged in the teaching profession and has served as principal in a number of towns in Manitoba. He brings to the editorial board valuable experience in the field of education both rural and urban.

The Icelandic Canadian welcomes these new members on the staff.—W.J.L.

## *Small Nations in Our Modern World*

An address delivered by HON. NELS G. JOHNSON, attorney general for North Dakota, at a concert held in Winnipeg, Feb. 25, 1946, under the auspices of the Icelandic Canadian Club.

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This last war has fully demonstrated that small nations have no means of protection, and that in an "all out" war, if they are in the path of the struggle or are needed for strategic reasons, they are taken or subjected to a violation of their neutral rights.

From the experiences of the small nations in the last war and World War 1, it appears that their only hope for security is the attainment of a **world government** in which their rights are respected and guaranteed. The precarious position of the small nations in a modern war should be the impetus and incentive for them to become the leaders in the procurement of an effective World Government operating under law. However, in order to understand better this need not only for the small nations, but of all nations of the world, let us examine the universal need of World Government built on law.

The demand of the present is that man adjust his thinking from that of a **national man** to that of a **world man**. Why? Simply because the world has become too small for the survival of our nation-made states, unless they federate and form a world government with sufficient authority of law to control the causes that have led to two world wars within the last 31 years. The discussions of the means and methods to bring this about is in full progress. It is urgent

that everyone think of this and add his little mite to the solution that must come. The next question we might well ask, "**Why is this necessary now?**" **The war has ended.** The answer lies in the fact that the weapons of the world promise definitely that their use in another war and even more powerful ones, will largely obliterate mankind and destroy civilization. The culmination of this war brought with it more than ever the need for the solution of the insistent problem of maintaining peace. The jubilation over the end of the war has been subdued and sobered by the very thought of that necessity. The propensities and the awesomeness of the atomic bomb is the impetus for a soul-searching answer to the causes and the elimination of future war.

For the entire period of all recorded history, and we can assume before that, mankind has fought wars at intervals. They have grown in magnitude and intensity until we now realize that they must not occur again, unless we are to see the pride of our effort, our civilization, in the dust of the ages past. We have tried to solve the problem of re-occurring war by treaties, by diplomacy, by power politics, by the organization of one block of nations against another, by a League of Nations, and now we are fostering and nurturing a new babe to deal with this urgent problem, the United

Nations Organization, called the "UNO", in accord with the growing custom of abbreviating everything, even our greeting of "hello" to "hi". Man must pin his hopes on something, and so we are now looking to UNO for a solution. Much as I would like to hope that it will solve the difficulties, if I want to be realistic, and especially in view of what is now just transpiring in its sessions, I am not too optimistic. The UNO charter was signed June 26, 1945, by fifty nations, six weeks before the use of atom splitting power, and with it the utter destruction of all the political and social thinking of the past. For the atomic bomb not only destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but destroyed the last vestige of hope that nation states can solve the problem of war along the patterns of the past. While the United Nations Organization is a fine beginning for a world government it is inherently defective, in that any one of the so-called, "Big Five" nations can exercise a veto power, and therefore, pursue its selfish way in utter disregard of the will and wish of the majority of the nations. In other words, the vote power left intact the power to exercise national attributes of sovereignty; to pursue a national course of action, regardless of the possible consequences to world peace. In still other words, no one nation of the "Big Five" is bound to perform in accord with the will of the majority. The charter then is an agreement to work together as long as they agree to abide by the agreement reached. Yes, there are provisions to attempt to procure compliances, but they do not appear strong enough. Many pose the question: has not the time come for the world to form a world government to deal with the foreign affairs of the nations and their right to make war, and by which they agree to delegate sufficient authority to such government under law to accomplish the purposes aimed at, and by which the nations in advance of any decision agree to be bound by that decision, and further agree that the will of the majority may be imposed upon them? The Provinces of Canada agreed

when they became a part of the Dominion to be bound by decisions of the federal authority. The States of the Union agreed upon admission to be bound by the Constitution and the law made in pursuance thereof. Once some of them refused to do that and the will of the government was imposed upon them in a bloody Civil War.

The small nations of the world should be the first to realize the need of a government for the world built on law, and they should be the first to accept the need of delegating to that government sufficient power to impose its will upon any nation or group of nations, that refuses to abide by the law. They are naturals to lead in this movement.

Is there anyone who does not realize that the world is one physically speaking? Your and my voice can be heard around the world by radio. You and I could go to the farthest spot on this earth by air travel in 60 hours. Our scientific knowledge has literally shrunk this ball on which we live. Has not this scientific knowledge outmoded and outdated our national concepts? Are we not now perhaps one hundred fifty years behind in our social and political thinking? Yet, is it not true that we must bring our social and political thought abreast of our scientific knowledge? We must find the time, the desire, the energy, the ingenuity, to bridge the gap in the next five years perhaps. In that short a space of time, we must convert the whole world to adopt a world government endowed with enough power to maintain peace, and to force any recalcitrant nation to conform to the law as laid down by the nations. **Can it be done? We do not know.** Must it be done? Yes, it would appear so. Are we ripe for such thought? Are we ready for such political action? It matters not whether we are; we must get ready and very quickly. We must get the world to adopt the principle of a world government, for it appears that our only hope of retaining for ourselves and future generations our present form of civilization lies in the acceptance of that principle by the na-

ions. But you say, the law may break down. That is true, and governments are overthrown by violence and revolution, but order out of chaos all through the ages has come through government based on law, and if that fails, then there is no hope.

History has taught us progress and civilization have come when authority of the feudal ages was surrendered to the state, and when the states banded together to form a nation. In the United States the colonies delegated certain authority to the federal government to obtain the benefits of its strength, and imbedded that authority in a Constitution. That was accomplished without destroying local authority. Our colonies were on the verge of disintegration. Nobody now doubts that that step of government was the wisest ever taken up to that time. By analogy, should not the nations of the world now form a government of delegated authority to deal with the problems of war and peace? The small nations, it seems to me can lead in that direction.

We are told that Aristotle, some 2200 years ago considered the limitations upon the size of the state and decided that it would be determined by the range of the human voice. Accessibility seemed to Aristotle to be one of the prime requisites of a governmental unit. If that be a true criterion or definition of the size of a governmental unit, then the radio has converted the world into one small enclosure capable of a central government created to maintain world peace. Radio, however, is only one of many instruments available for knitting the peoples of the world together under a common sovereignty. Modern means of mental and physical communication can give them a mutuality such as the peoples of any nation one hundred years ago could not possibly know among themselves.

The small nations of the world can serve greatly to secure the mutuality necessary in the building of a world state based on law to procure peace.

In the first place, the small nations,

and the relatively small nations, far outnumber the large nations of the world. They are, or should be, more vitally interested in a world state to procure peace, than the larger nations, because they do not have the finance, the manpower, the natural resources, or ability to defend themselves in a modern war. They are literally impotent to defend themselves, if in the actual path of the war, or to even force respect for their neutrality, if they are needed for any reason, although not in the actual zone of fighting. So the small nations of the world should become sold on the need of a world state to control the causes of war and to enforce the demands of peace, because in the very nature of things conviction and the acceptance of a principle come more readily when such acceptance is based on an urgent need.

The acceptance of this principle by the small nations can be grounded on the experience of the last five years, when their peoples were enslaved, their property destroyed, their international rights disregarded, without hesitancy and without compunction, and the will of might imposed upon them. The small nations now must realize that their only hope of retaining their freedom, is through the application of their collective intelligence, in procuring an effective world government which has its basis in law, and has, in its field, authority analogous to that of a nation. The small nations of the world should, therefore, be in the front rank of urging and persuading the rest of the world in adopting the principle of a world government.

The small nations are the best fitted to do this, because in them is imbedded less arrogance and national pride. I do not mean to infer that the small nations do not appreciate as keenly their form of government, nor that they do not take as much pride in their sovereignty, nor that they do not take delight in the accomplishments of their past. As was so well said in the Icelandic Canadian: "Every nation ascribes to itself some peculiar treasure; some unique culture;



some imperishable virtue which it firmly believes to be an inestimable inheritance from the past." But I do mean to say that the pride in these things and of its local sovereignty is always tempered with the realization, that it cannot adequately defend itself under modern conditions against a powerful aggressor, and therefore, realism prevails and the need for a world state to procure peace through law is very apparent.

Nor is there any intent here to advocate the relinquishment of any of the rights of the small nations involving their local affairs. But they can and should readily relinquish their right to make war, because that right means little when it comes to waging a modern war. Therefore, they must become the warriors of peace to procure acceptance of the principle of a world state, from those larger and more powerful nations whose sovereign power to make war means, or may mean much more, or which they think means much to them. On the whole it appears that this very realization may have been the reason why so many small nations so eagerly and earnestly participated in the United Nations Conference in San Francisco last summer.

That the small nations of the world can give great impetus to the acceptance of the principle of a need for a world state based on law, is apparent. It is needless for them to waste their energy on armaments, except for police protection, so they are free to use the time and energy that would go into such effort to promote the basis for the mutuality that must be attained in procuring the acceptance of that principle. Let no one doubt that to secure the mutuality necessary to procure acceptance of this principle is great. But what greater contribution can the small nations of the world give toward peace than by earnestly and wholeheartedly working toward that goal? They can help remove the barriers of suspicion and hate that now exist towards the acceptance of that principle; they can help break down the ideologies that are obstacles in the path of the ac-

ceptance of that principle. They can help overcome the obstacles of language, customs, and habits. They can help to keep the principle from becoming snarled in the details of its accomplishment. They can meet the arguments and opposition that the promotion of a world government will engender. They can, if they will, become the storm center of enthusiasm for the promotion of the very idea. They can fan the flames of desire to accomplish this end. They can teach, preach, and help educate the world to the need. They can, if they will, become the instruments of the Almighty in bringing to fruition and realization, "PEACE ON EARTH AMONG MEN OF GOOD WILL". The small nations can and should become the front rank of endeavor in that direction. The small nations can, with the glow of the self-inspired missionary, do wonders towards procuring a world government built on law to maintain peace.

The small nations are the natural implements for carrying the idea further than was done by the United Nations Charter at San Francisco, to a government for the world built on law to which the nations, promise their allegiance, and authorize such government to impose its will upon them according to law adopted by the nations in a world parliament.

No nation in the world is better equipped by experience than the country of our ancestors, Iceland, to play an important part in getting the world to unite in a world government for peace. Virtually since 1262, when the "Ancient Covenant" was signed, Iceland has fought to regain her independence, not by war, but by negotiation. It was a long, arduous, and often discouraging struggle. But without manpower, wealth, or any of the means often used to gain such ends, Iceland by the use of intelligence, persuasion, and the force of reason, applied through diplomatic channels, regained her independence. Here is a fine and forceful example for the world of what can be accomplished by resort to only the

power of the intellect, which after all is the greatest weapon of mankind.

As the grandmother of parliaments, why cannot Iceland, as one of the leading small nations of the world, become the mother to promote, again by intellect, the establishment of a world state to procure through law peace on this globe? It can, as one of the small nations, whose independence came by the application of intelligence, foster and promote this thought through its schools, its pulpits, over its radio, and in fact by every intellectual means known to man.

The thoughts here expressed are not in many respects original with me. They have been and are gaining momentum, especially since atomic energy has demonstrated so effectively its potential power of destruction. War as an instrument of power must disappear. But we must travel a faster road to its attainment than most people realize. We must obtain converts quickly to the thought of organizing a world state built on law. The only alternative is this: "ONE WORLD OR NONE".

Man must deliberately seek the most effective solution to eliminate the danger of another war. To me that seems the advocacy of a world state built on law. Even back in 1942 I did some thinking along this line. And since we have just a few days ago commemorated the birthday of one of the great men of the world, Abraham Lincoln, I hope you will pardon if I quote some thoughts that I expressed in connection with his birthday back in 1942. I said then, and now repeat:

"With the wisdom you exhibited (referring to Lincoln) as an inspiration to our present leaders, let them see to it, that hereafter the nations must, by some federation, guarantee the PEACE of the whole world. The right to make war by one nation, to endanger the peace of the whole world, does not exist, any more than you saw that the right of withdrawal from the Union did not exist in any one or more states without the consent of the others. When the vi-

sion you had for this nation in 1860 has been translated into action for the whole world, and no nation can, or will be allowed by the others to arrogate unto itself the right to make war upon its neighbors, freedom will have some security, and government, 'Of the people, by the people, for the people', for all nations, 'shall not perish from the earth', by war."

This thought has been enlarged and emphasized by the events that have transpired since. It seems to me that mankind must abandon the provincial nationalism of the past and think in terms of the glory of all mankind instead of one nation.

One of the great poets of England, Lord Alfred Tennyson, said:

"For I dipt into the future, far as human  
eye could see,  
Saw a vision of the world, and all the  
wonder that would be;  
Saw the heavens will with commerce,  
argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping  
down with costly bales;  
Heard the heavens fill with shouting,  
and there rained a ghastly dew,  
From the nations airy navies grappling  
in the central blue."

What a vision! What a prophecy!  
What marvelous insight into the future.  
Can we now, and especially through the  
medium of the small nations of the  
world, help his clairvoyance become a  
reality, when he said in the same poem:

"Till the war drums throbbed no longer  
and the battle flags were furled  
In Parliament of Man, the Federation of  
the world."

That vision must come true. Some of the finest youth of Canada, England, the United States, and other freedom loving nations of the United Nations have sacrificed their all in the hope of realizing that vision. If the world would in peace exert the effort that it did in war; if it

would use the same amount of effort, tolerance, patience, spirit of compromise, in his endeavor, that it did in winning the war, is there any reason why this vision should not become a reality? The living spiritual part of every human being that died in the last two wars, and for that matter in all the wars of the past, say to us:

"To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high,  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields."

Shall we break faith? Shall the small nations of the world become the torch bearers for the only hope of peace, a world government built on law?

## *Welcome Home*

**An address delivered by JUDGE W. J. LINDAL at the Welcome Home  
Reception to war service men and women, held at the Royal  
Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg, February 18, 1946.**

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A well known poem entitled "The Day's Demand" begins with these two lines:—

"God give us men. A time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith  
and ready hands."

That was a poet's exhortation in the calm of the nineteenth century. On the fateful morn of September 1, 1939, it became a prayer — the solemn prayer of every freedom loving man throughout the world.

The prayer was heard—and answered.

Millions of men rushed forward to the defence of the peoples attacked. It was not that they sought war. We can truly say of each one of them what can, indeed, be said of every real soldier:—

"Lover of peace, he looks beyond the strife  
And rides through hell to save his  
country's life."

It is not necessary to relate to you the story of the last six years — first, the greatest concentration of studied evil in the history of man, designed to wipe out present day civilization, followed by the inevitable and devastating initial successes against the unprepared defend-

ers, then the period of terrible suspense when victory and defeat hung in the balance, the great relief when the turning point came, the grinding down of the war machines of the enemy and finally the unconditional surrender.

The war has been won and the Canadian troops are returning.

They, who a few years ago were but boys and girls playing on the western prairies or in the crowded city streets of the east, are now men and women with the experience of a lifetime behind them. Instances of heroism and endurance need not be mentioned. We agree with General Dwight D. Eisenhower, who said that no better soldiers served under him than the Canadians.

Now they are returning and you, our guests, are among them.

On behalf of those that have assembled here and on behalf of the many others who could not attend I bid you welcome.

This reception is held under the auspices of the Jon Sigurdson Chapter of the I.O.D.E. assisted by the Icelandic Canadian Club.

The Jon Sigurdson Chapter came into being in the First Great War. At the end of that war they held a reception similar to this one in this very banquet room. They were very glad to be able to ar-

range for this reception for the men and women in and around Winnipeg of Icelandic extraction who served in World War II.

Associated with the Chapter is the Icelandic Canadian Club, which, through its magazine, has been collecting and publishing a record, with photographs, of the men and women in Canada and the United States, of Icelandic descent, who served in this war. The gathering of this information will continue and an effort will be made to have the record as complete as possible.

This is as it should be.

We, as other national groups in Canada, are not judged by our names or the country we came from, not by the achievements of our forebears nor even the heritage they bequeathed us, glorious though it is. We are judged by what we are and what we do and achieve. That being so, we want to measure up to every duty and responsibility of citizenship in this country. In doing so we must remember that:—

"True glory dwells where glorious deeds are done."

If we, as a group, are performing our duties as Canadian citizens the first thanks must go to you, our guests this evening.

I said "duties as Canadians".

We are all proud of being Canadians, proud of Canada, and the magnificent role she played in the life and death struggle which has just ended. Through her contribution to the winning of the war Canada has steadily forged ahead and now occupies a place of prestige and honour among the United Nations far beyond her relative strength in manpower.

But again we must remember that a nation's greatness is measured by the record of service and deeds performed by her citizens, soldier and civilian. To you and other Canadian soldiers who served so nobly at your posts of duty must go a major part of the credit for that added prestige and honour.

But our minds cannot halt in Canada. In moments of reflection we recall how

dangerously close the enemy came to winning the war. At such moments our gratitude extends to every soldier, man and woman, who served in the armies of the United Nations.

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Now the war is over and you are back with your loved ones. After a brief but well earned rest you will be absorbed in civilian life. Your work here may at first appear somewhat drab and commonplace, but it will have its useful purpose, particularly so because you will entwine into it your valuable, though hard-earned experience.

A great task has been finished: the war has been won and civilization saved. Yesterday we watched you in the distance, threw out our chests with pride as we heard of your glorious deeds. Now we join you in serving in a new field. The peace must be won. This time we are all in it.

Once more the cry rings out: Give us men.

You, our guests, can and will be leaders in the great task of building for peace. Your leadership has, indeed, been very forcefully yet truly expressed by our Canadian poet, E. J. Pratt, in his beautiful poem, "They are Returning", where he says:

"They shall come back . . .

To mix a mortar that shall never crumble  
Before the blasts of war and wear of  
time".

Why does the poet mark the returned men as those who will lead in building the edifice of peace that shall never crumble? It is because through their training and experience they have acquired an equipment, both mental and physical, which makes them especially qualified for the tremendous work that lies ahead.

What special qualifications? To describe them let me draw a parallel.

In 1802 the English poet, William Wordsworth, sensing the impending threat to the British Isles, which was



averted three years later in the decisive battle of Trafalgar, composed one of his inspiring sonnets entitled "It is not to be thought of".

Not to be thought of! Those are words which recall to many of you the well known phrase used by Jon Sigurdson who devoted his life to the restoration of the Icelandic Republic. His words are: "Aldrei að víkja". Never to yield.

Two brief lines in that powerful sonnet reveal, as if carved in hardest granite, the essence of the spirit of Britain throughout the centuries of struggle for her freedom and for the democratic form of government. These lines are:—

" . . . . In our halls is hung  
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old  
We must be free or die . . . . "

Milton speaks of a "Celestial armoury, shields, helms and spears".

We must be free or die! That is the spiritual armour which has been behind and which has vitalized Britains material armour from the days of Alfred to this very moment. That was her armoury when the Spanish Armada crossed the English Channel; it guided her ships at Trafalgar, inspired her soldiers at Waterloo. That was the spirit of England at its best when the island fortress fought the battle of Britain alone — alone except with the assistance of the British Dominions. Some of you were there.

You also have an armoury — an armoury you brought back with you from the battle fronts. It, as that of Britain, is not of the fleeting wings of the air, the battlements of land or turrets of ships of the sea. It is not of steel or even of shattering atomic bombs. But it is something which, if needs be, will again prompt you to mount the guns, fly the cloudless skies and pierce the foaming billows.

What is that armoury?

On the battlefields you served and fought beside your fellow soldiers, each performing his duty, an individual thinking for himself, yet in close co-operation with those about him. But the team work was infinitely more complex

and on a vastly larger scale. The forces of air, land and sea all worked in unison; operations in one theatre of war were accurately timed in relation to operations elsewhere. Never in the history of war has coordination and team work been so thorough in detail and yet on so large a scale.

General Crerar, speaking in Winnipeg last month, stressed the value of the lesson learned when he said:

"The spirit of teamwork and of service, which these Canadian soldiers showed so magnificently in war, is part of themselves—and I believe that the contribution they will continue to make in the future of Canada, in peace, will be no less worthy of praise."

You, who have been there, know what teamwork means, and you will not forget. The world needs instruction on that point.

War is a cruel and savage teacher.

It is in war that the spirit of selfless service is developed to its highest point. The examples of heroism and devotion to duty, which the soldier sees all around him, are deeply impressed upon his mind and obliterate self interest and personal advantage. The individual, as such, is merged in the cause for which he is fighting.

But in that very lesson, taught though it is in the savagery of war, a fundamental truth emerges. I can best state it by referring to the oft quoted words of a sergeant in the air force who engaged in combat flights over both Europe and Japan. He said:

"I saw men wounded and whatever land their grandfathers came from, their blood was always the same color. And whatever church they went to, the screams of pain sounded the same".

This sergeant knows the meaning of the words "brotherhood of man". It was all the same humanity, fighting for the freedom of all humanity.

You also have seen the red blood flowing. War has revealed to you in a way you will never forget, the truth to which most of us give mere lip service — that all men are brothers. Of such as you, are

the men and women who will take the lead in bringing that truth home to all peoples of every color and creed.

In your armoury there is something else.

You brought back with you wounds of body and spirit. The scars of battle are an abiding testament of your service and sacrifice. In the long and hard struggle ahead for permanent peace, what arguments avail against such weapons? None.

But above all you bring back with you a memory of your comrades who will not return. It is a sacred memory which neither time nor circumstance will efface. "If ye break faith" reverberates in your ears, an ever present challenge if you should falter or let your spirits flag.

Who dares oppose you, who wear that armour!

The would-be dictator, the self-centred nationalist who still dreams of ever-widening power and increasing heaps of material wealth, the sleek but blind isolationist who sees not across the oceans

which are but streams and tiny lakes — ultimately they will all cringe before the army of men and women, who, with heads erect and memories clear as crystal, defiantly march on to total victory in lasting peace.

That is the armoury of the millions who are returning from the battlefields of land, sea and air.

That is your armoury. It, as the British, is invincible because it is of you, part of you. It is celestial because it is of the spirit, your spirit. It is you.

We welcome you back. We rejoice that this moment is given us to open our hearts and express our feelings of thankfulness for the service you have rendered for us, for Canada, yes, for Iceland, for all of humanity.

Now as you return, we join ranks with you and with renewed strength and added fervor we re-dedicate ourselves to the task of building for peace. You hold high the flag—the banner of victory and abiding peace. We follow close behind you.

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## *The Icelandic Canadian*

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**R**EADERS are invited to send in news of people of Icelandic extraction, especially our soldiers overseas. Original articles and poems as well as translations from the Icelandic would be appreciated. Letters to the Editors may be published. You are invited to let us know what you think of our publication.

**THE EDITORS**

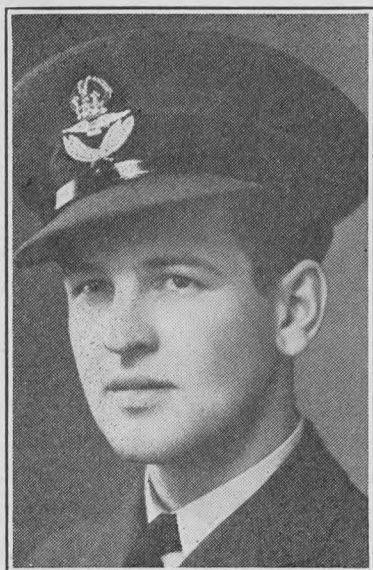
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## *A Canadian in Iceland*

By FLIGHT LIEUTENANT T. O. (Tommy) FINNBOGASON



**Flt.-Lt. T. O. Finnbogason**

It was my fortune to be sent to Iceland with the Royal Air Force. We landed in Iceland on the 13th of April, 1943. I, with a group of Canadians went there as replacements for 269 Anti-Submarine Squadron, R.A.F. We sailed into Reykjavík harbor at dawn to be greeted by a fog-bound shadow of buildings before a backdrop of mountains. The first impression of the country under these conditions was rather bleak—as a matter of absolute fact no matter how long we stayed there to most of us it still remained somewhat bleak. We were not privileged to see a great deal of the country but such parts as we did fly over appeared to be predominantly mountainous.

The attitude of the native Icelanders towards allied troops has been much-discussed and widely publicized. Certain publications have led one to believe that the attitude of the Icelanders towards the allied troops was hostile. This impression I consider to be erroneous. If

any such hostility was an actual fact it was probably quite justifiable. The behaviour of the troops who first landed there was certainly not of the best. These ambassadors of good will were involved in a number of incidents involving civilians that did much to discredit them.

The Icelanders are on the whole a very reserved people. Upon entering a shop the clerks and management were never effusive in their greetings or conversation. If one asked for an article in the shop it was placed on the counter and the attendant would busy himself with some other matter. Many interpreted this as hostility whereas it was rather natural reserve and a certain amount of shyness. Then, of course, there was the natural barrier of language. Only a very small percentage of the people in Iceland speak English and they seemed loathe to attempt to speak English for fear of being laughed at. There is no doubt, however, that the first troops to land in Iceland were treated with rather pointed coldness. This cannot be construed as having been a leaning toward the Fascist way of life. The very fact that allied troops were in Iceland made it a perfectly legitimate target for Swastika stamped bombs. German reconnaissance planes were constantly over Iceland and several small sporadic raids were made on the allied military installations there. Certainly no country can be blamed for not wishing to attract such attention to itself. It was also natural that parents warned their children against associating with these strangers in uniform. One day a group of us from 269 Squadron motored to Thingvellir to take pictures. While there a small girl and her brother passed by with a pony. We requested that we be allowed to use the pony for a prop for our pictures. We were rewarded by a stony stare and a firm "no". The children had obviously

been warned against speaking to soldiers.

The people of Iceland according to our standards are quite modern. The stately, shapely girls look like a page out of a fashion magazine. They are for the most part very beautiful and quite justifiably rate with the most beautiful in the world. They were, however, very reserved and very few lasting acquaintances were cultivated. The romance-shrouded Americans made considerable progress in this field and quite a number of Americans married Icelandic girls.

The city of Reykjavik is quite a modern city. Its main street has many modern shops which stock an abundance of "hard-to-get" commodities such as nylons. It has two modern theatres which show American pictures though these are often outdated. The cost of living is very high as in all other army-infested countries of Europe. A cup of coffee and a roll sold for about 60¢. A pound of chocolates went for about \$2.25 and an ice cream cone for 16¢. The streets of this city of about 38,000 population though not paved are very good, but the country roads throughout Iceland are very rough.

Thingvellir, the ancient home of the oldest parliament in the world, is now the summer resort of Reykjavik. It is about forty kilometers (25 miles) from the city, situated on the shores of a lovely inland lake. It cannot compare with our highly modern summer resorts of today with all their modern amenities, as at Thingvellir there are only a few very modern homes, a church, a school, and a hotel. There is bus service twice daily from Reykjavik for those wishing to spend the day at the lake. Those who do not have homes there take tents with them and camp out. In the heat of summer Thingvellir is a vast tent city. Thingvellir is in a beautiful green valley and the roar of the water-falls can be heard all day and all night. Though bathing is normally associated with summer resorts it seems that the main interest at Thingvellir is sport fishing.

The hot springs of Iceland are as old as time, or at least as old as any known

history of the country. The words "hot springs" or "geysir" are immediately associated with the mention of Iceland. For centuries gone by the women of Iceland have taken their laundry to the side of a hot spring to do their washing. These springs are now being harnessed for a variety of purposes on the island. The largest project to date is the central heating system for the city of Reykjavik. It may eventually provide the cheapest and most efficient heating system in the world. Of late years greenhouses both large and small which are heated by these springs, are springing up throughout the land. Many tropical fruits and some of the most delicate and beautiful flowers are produced in them. Iceland with its forbidding name may yet become a fertile source of fruit and flowers.

The work of our squadron took us in all directions from Iceland. Our main duty was anti-submarine patrol. During the period of our stay submarines were very active and were at times sighted within five miles of the shore. During the early part of 1943 we were equipped mainly with anti-submarine depth charges. Surfaced submarines, when sighted, sometimes brazenly remained on surface to fight it out and our poor old Hudson aircraft took a heavy beating. We were forced to fly low directly over the surfaced vessels and became a perfect target for their various guns. The enemy gun crew having no immediately available slit-trench to which they might repair, manned their guns with determination and skill. We were later equipped with rockets whose breath of death helped to extinguish the fire with which the Nazi gunners "unwelcomed" us.

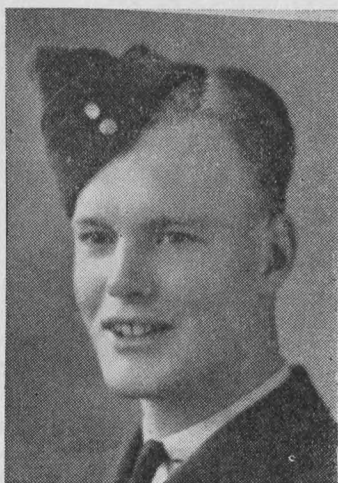
On one of these trips we flew within sight of Greenland thus completing in reverse the link of the past when Leif Eriksson sailing for Greenland landed in Canada. What had taken them many weeks of untold hardship and suffering we were able to accomplish in comparative safety and comfort in a matter of hours.



## *Flight From France*



Editors Note: — Many romantic and dramatic stories have come from pilots who were forced to bail out over occupied Europe. Here is the story of Flight Lieutenant Douglas Duncan, D.F.C. and Bar, who was forced to abandon his burning aircraft over France. Flight Lieutenant Duncan's mother, who is Icelandic, is the former Anna Johnson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Finnur Johnson of Winnipeg. This story is gleaned from the **Reston Recorder**.



**Fl.-Lt. J. D. Duncan**

Flight Lieutenant Duncan joined the Royal Canadian Air Force in Winnipeg in 1941. He received his wings in March of 1942 and proceeded overseas immediately, where he joined No. 9 Squadron of the Royal Air Force, where he went on operational flying on four-motor Lancasters.

On his twenty-third operational flight over Germany his aircraft was engaged by very heavy flak over Glenschenkirch in the North Rhur. The aircraft was severely damaged and fire broke out in two of the motors. In spite of this, Flight Lieutenant Duncan attempted to take his aircraft back to its base. They were losing height very rapidly and there seemed no hope of being able to return to base; therefore he ordered the crew to bail out and after they were all clear of the aircraft he himself jumped. He landed in an open field near Cambrai in France. Afraid of being captured by the

Germans he hid himself and wandered about for two days. On the third day he timidly approached three French women working in a field. They immediately recognized his uniform and in spite of the language difficulty they made known to him that they were willing to help him.

These kindly peasants placed him in contact with French underground workers. This underground organization was highly organized and efficiently operated throughout France. They supplied him with civilian clothes and false identity papers and a sixteen-year-old boy escorted him to Paris by train. To overcome the language difficulty, Flight Lieutenant Duncan acted the part of a deaf mute and so was spared the necessity of speaking to anyone on this trip.

In Paris he was met by a doctor who took charge after treating minor injuries which Flight Lieutenant Duncan sustained while jumping from his disabled aircraft. He was then removed to the private home of a hospital matron where he was joined by two Americans who were also escaping. Here he was treated to a display of Gestapo tactics when the Gestapo captured a German deserter in the same building and shot him for all to see.

Transportation was then arranged and Flight Lieutenant Duncan and his American companions travelled to Foix in south-west France. They walked through the small republic of Andorra which lies between France and Spain and arrived on foot at Madressa in Spain, in spite of several near encounters with German patrols. Here they contacted the British legation who provided them with passports, money and railway tickets to Barcelona. They eventually ar-

rived at Gibraltar from where Duncan was flown to England.

After a short leave in this country Flight Lieutenant Duncan rejoined his

squadron and completed twenty-seven more operational trips. He amassed the amazing total of sixty-six operational flights.

## *Deputy Minister of Co-operatives*



**B. N. Arnason**

The C.C.F. government of Saskatchewan is the first and only government in Canada to form a separate ministry of co-operation and co-operative development. B. N. Arnason of Regina, who is considered an outstanding authority in Canada on the co-operative movement, was selected as the first deputy minister of the new department. He was born in 1901 on a farm near Gladstone, Manitoba, of Icelandic parents. He moved with his parents to the Foam Lake district in Saskatchewan in 1906, where he received his public school education

at Kristnes school. He spent a year at Wesley College in Winnipeg and four years at Saskatchewan University in Saskatoon, where he specialized in Agricultural Economics. In 1929 he joined the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture as Research Analyst for the Co-operation and Markets Branch. Appointed acting commissioner of that branch in 1932 he became commissioner in 1936. He organized the annual Saskatchewan Conference of Co-operative Associations in 1934; was secretary of Canadian Co-operative Implements from 1940 until 1942; and is now secretary of the Credit Union Federation of Saskatchewan, as well as of the national organization committee of the Co-operative Unions of Canada.

Last year Mr. Arnason was appointed by the Canadian government as one of the members of the royal commission on taxation of co-operatives, a signal honor to his abilities in that field.

Saskatchewan now has 1000 co-operative organizations, having over 2,200 places of business and 250,000 members, which will give the reader some idea of the tremendous work the new department under Mr. Arnason is engaged in.

Björn Nikulás Árnason is an outstanding and a distinguished member of the younger generation of the Icelandic people in Canada.—B. E. J.

## **The Icelandic Canadian**

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## *The Icelandic Settlement on Washington Island*

Condensed from an Article in a recent issue of the Milwaukee Sentinel

★

Washington Island, site of America's first Icelandic Settlement,\* is being resettled—this time, by its own people. Its sons and daughters who went to war, fighting on the battlefronts or working on assembly lines, are rapidly returning to the 25 square mile island they call home. They are returning to farming, commercial fishing, and to the summer resort trade.

At one time, Washington Island, located off the Door County Peninsula, had over 1,100 inhabitants. During the war, however, ration book issuances indicated a population of only about 600. During the pioneering years, the islanders somewhat isolated, did not travel afar. Boys and girls grew up together, married and settled down on the island. Few left. Today, scores of families are related to one another through these early marriages.

"One never knows whose relative one may be talking about, so it is a good idea to say only nice things about the people on this island", one resident remarked.

Washington Island's contact with the mainland is through the ferry operated by Captain Carl Richter, 74, Washington Island skipper, and his son, Arni. They operate the 65 foot "Welcome" between Gil's rock on the Door County Peninsula mainland and their Detroit Harbor dock on the island daily. Mrs. Richter is the daughter of Arni Gudmundsson who came from Iceland to settle on the island in 1874. Incidentally, she still operates a spinning wheel which has been in the family for generations.

The Icelanders came to Washington Island in the 1870's. The immigration may be traced back to the efforts of William Wickman, born in Copenhagen, who was sent on an official mission by the Danish government to Iceland in 1855.

After spending 10 years in Iceland, he came to Milwaukee, April 15, 1865. In Iceland, Wickman had made the acquaintance of Gudni Thorgrimsson, native Iclander, who had been educated in Denmark and had returned to Iceland to try to improve the lot of his people. He reorganized the schools, and took an active part in shaping the careers of many young Icelanders.

As a result of correspondence between Thorgrimsson and Wickman, a number of well-educated young men left Iceland and came to Milwaukee in 1870. Wickman settled them on Washington Island. They found the natives inhospitable and moved to North Dakota, the Wisconsin mainland and Minnesota. About four years later, another group of Icelanders, laborers and more practical men, were brought to Washington Island by Wickman. They went to work cutting timber, fishing and farming. Their descendants can still be found in various parts of the island as indicated by the Icelandic names appearing on the mail boxes.

Forty-three names appear on the monument erected in honor of the men who served in World War 1—it bears such Icelandic names as Charles Gisla-son, John A. Gudmundsson, Edward Einarson, Magnus Magnusson, and Sigurdur Sigurdsson.

Fishing provides a livelihood for about 50 families on the island. About one million pounds of whitefish, trout, herring, suckers, and chubs are shipped annually to the Chicago, New York, and other markets. Many island sons are seafaring men, working on lake carriers and in the Coast Guard as lighthouse keepers and surfmen.

Now that its youth is returning, the island is looking forward to a renewal of the quietly flourishing life it enjoyed prior to the war.

\* Editor's Note: — Strictly speaking the state of Utah was the site of the first Icelandic settlement within the present boundaries of the United States, this settlement having been established during the years 1855-60.

## Forsjónin

Eftir MATTHÍAS JOCHUMSSON

Hvað er það ljós, sem lýsir fyrir mér  
þá leið, hvar sjón mín enga birtu sér?  
Hvað er það ljós, sem ljósið gjörir hjart  
og lífgar þessu tákni rúmið svart?  
Hvað malar “ást” á æsku-brosin smá,  
og “eilíft líf” á feiga skörungs-brá?  
Hvað er þitt ljós, þú varma hjartans von,  
sem vefur faðmi sérhvern tímans son?

Guð er það ljós.

Hver er sú rödd, sem býr í brjósti mér  
og bergmálar frá öllum lífsins her —  
sú föður-rödd, er metur öll vor mál,  
sú móður-rödd, er vermir líf og sál —  
sú rödd, sem ein er eilíflega stilt,  
þótt allar heimsins raddir syngi vilt —  
sú rödd, sem breytir daufri nótt í dag  
og dauðans ópi snýr í vonar-lag?

Guð er sú rödd.

Hver er sú hönd, sem heldur þessum reyr  
um hæztan vetur, svo hann ekki deyr —  
sú hönd, sem fann, hvar frumkorn lífs míns svaf  
sem fokstrá, tók það upp og líf því gaf —  
sú hönd, er skín á heilagt sólar-hvel,  
og hverrar skuggi kallast feikn og hel —  
sú hönd, er skrifar lífsins laga-mál  
á lilju-blað sem ódauðlega sál?

Guð er sú hönd.



## Providence

By MATTHIAS JOCHUMSSON

Translated By JAKOBINA JOHNSON

---

What is that light, which points the way for me—  
The way where mortal eyes no light can see?  
What is that light, on which all light depends  
And with creative power through space descends?  
What writes of "love" on youth's illumined page  
And "life eternal" on the brow of age?  
What is thy light, thou fond and cherished Hope,  
Without which all the world would darkly grope?  
That light is God.

What is that voice I hear within, through life,  
That echoes through our ranks of common strife?—  
A father's voice, in wisdom to appraise,  
A mother's voice, to comfort all the race.  
What voice alone attuned perfection sings,  
When all our world of song discordant rings?  
Turns into day the darkness of the throng,  
And agonies of death to hopeful song?  
That voice is God.

What mighty hand maintained protecting hold  
Upon this reed, through direst winter cold?  
And found my life, a dormant wind-tossed seed,  
And planted it, supplying every need?—  
The hand whose torch must touch the sun with light,  
Whose shadow means calamity and night.  
The hand whose law has written its control  
Upon each lily and eternal soul?  
That hand is God.

## OUR WAR EFFORT

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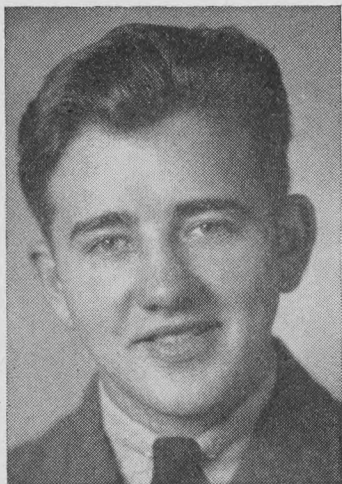
### LIEUT. BALDUR F. GUTTORMSON

Born Oct. 26, 1916 at Geysir, Man. Enlisted in the R.C.N.V.R. in 1943 and trained at Halifax, N. S. Served as Base Maintenance Officer in Electrical Anti-Mining Dept., at St. Johns, Sydney and Halifax, N. S., later being posted to H.M.C.S. Uganda where he is now serving.

Son of Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Guttormson of Arbrog, Man.



Lieut. B. F. Guttormson



Gnr. M. B. Jonasson

### GNR. MARINO BALDWIN JONASSON

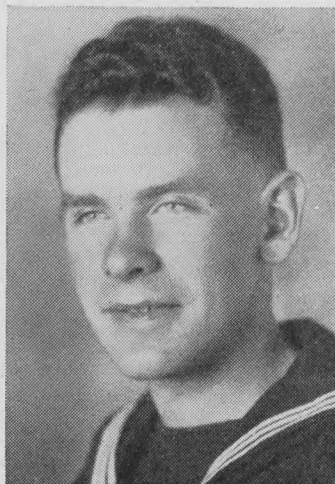
Born Aug. 2, 1922 at Geysir, Man. Enlisted May 1943 in R.C.A. Trained at Portage la Prairie, Man., and Halifax, N. S. Served in Newfoundland and Halifax, N. S.

Son of Mr. & Mrs. J. M. Jonasson of Geysir, Manitoba.

### A.B. VALDIMAR PALSSON

Born Sept. 14, 1919 at Geysir, Man. Enlisted in the R.C.A. in Sept. 1943, trained at Portage la Prairie and Winnipeg. Transferred to R.C.N.V.R. in March 1944, trained at Winnipeg, Port Arthur and Cornwallis. Now stationed in Pictou, N. S.

Son of Mr. & Mrs. Jon Palsson of Arbrog, Manitoba.



A.R. Valdimar Palsson



F.Lt. Þorsteinn Jónsson



Bogi Jónsson

**F.-LT. ÞORSTEINN JÓNSSON, Reykjavík, Iceland**—Born Oct. 1921. Þorsteinn left the University at Akureyri early in 1940 for England and joined the R.A.F. He "got his wings" in May 1941 and served in Britain and N. Africa and later in Britain as Instructor and then saw service in Iceland and again in Britain, where he was located at last report. Þorsteinn received D.F.M. for outstanding service.

**BOGI JÓNSSON, Reykjavík, Iceland**—Born April 6, 1926. Bogi joined the British Merchant Marine late in 1943. Was with the Normandy invasion force on "D" day and was rescued from the sea when his ship had been sunk. While on guard duty one dark night, he saw a man fall from the bridge and dove into the water to help him. Although his efforts were unsuccessful, he was highly commended by the British press for his brave attempt at rescue.

---

**SONS OF SNÆBJÖRN JÓNSSON, REYKJAVÍK, ICELAND**

---



**VERNA V. JOHNSON**—Born at Edinburg, N. D. Joined Nurses Cadet Corps Sept. 1943. Trained at Anker Hosp., St. Paul, Minn. Daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John H. Johnson, Edinburg, N. D.



**SGT. ROY E. MAGNUSSON**—Born at Cavalier, N. D. June 26, 1923. Enlisted in the U. S. Army October 1942. Posted to Europe in March 1945. Son of Mr. & Mrs. M. H. Magnusson, Cavalier, N. D.

## FATHER AND DAUGHTER



**Sgt. V. H. Abrahamson**



**Pte. V. B. Abrahamson**

**SGT. VALDINA H. ABRAHAMSON**—Enlisted in the C.W.A.C. Nov. 1942 and has served as stenographer in the Record Office at Fort Osborne Barracks since. She is the daughter of Pte. & Mrs. V. B. Abrahamson formerly of Leslie, Sask.

**PTE. VALDIMAR B. ABRAHAMSON**, has served with the Veterans Guard of Canada since Nov. 1942, as guard at Prisoner of War Camps at Lethbridge, Moose Jaw, Lesser Slave Lake and other Northern Alberta points. He served and was wounded in action in World War I.



**CPL. FRIDRIK H. SIGURDSON** — Born Nov. 28, 1920 at Swan River, Man. Enlisted with the R.C.A.F. Nov. 1940. — Trained at Dauphin, Man., Trenton and Toronto, Ont. Went overseas in March 1942. Son of Eggert F. Sigurdson and his wife Sigurlaug J. (Vopni) Sigurdson of Swan River, Man.



**P.F.C. CURTIS C. GUDMUNDSON**—Born Feb. 16, 1923 at Fargo, N. Dak. Enlisted in U. S. Army March 8, 1943. Now serving overseas. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Conrad S. Gudmundson of Seattle, Wash. — Grandson of S. Gudmundson of Vancouver, B. C.



**L.A.C. Douglas Haig Smith****L.A.W. Ingibjörg Elva Smith**

**L.A.C. DOUGLAS HAIG SMITH**—Born at Saltcoats, Sask., July 30, 1921. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. Aug. 1942. Trained at Brandon and Trenton, and has been stationed at various points, mainly on the west coast of Canada. Discharged September 1945 at Boundary Bay, B. C.

**L.A.W. INGIBJÖRG ELVA SMITH**—Born at Saltcoats, Sask., March 12, 1920. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. (W.D.) Sept. 1943, and took clerks course at Toronto. Has been stationed at Yorkton and Paulson, and at present at No. 5 Release Centre, Wpg.

**SON AND DAUGHTER OF MR. THOS. SMITH AND  
MRS. GUÐRÚN ÓLÖF ANDERSON SMITH**

**L.A.C. S. L. Sanders****L.A.C. G. E. Sanders**

**L.A.C. STANLEY L. SANDERS**—Born in Vancouver, B. C., Oct. 17, 1917. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. July 1943. Trained at St. Thomas, Ont. Embarked for overseas in Jan. 1944. Served in Kiska, Aleutian Islands, France and England.

**L.A.C. GISLI E. SANDERS**—Born in Vancouver, B. C., July 22, 1911. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. Aug. 1943. Trained as Air Mechanic at St. Thomas, Ont., and served at R.C.A.F. stations on the West coast.

**SONS OF MR. & MRS. G. J. SANDERS, VANCOUVER, B. C.**

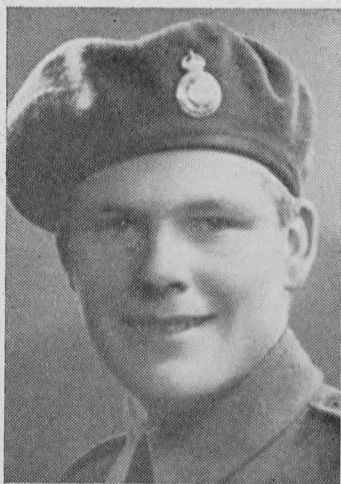
**W.O. P. L. Kjernisted****P.O. L. Kjernisted****Pte. C. P. Kjernisted**

**W.O. P. L. KJERNISTED**—Born March 7, 1923 at Oakview, Man. Enlisted in 1943 in R.C.A.F. Trained as Wireless Air Gunner at No. 3 Wireless, Winnipeg. Then as Wireless Navigator at Ancienne Lorette, Que. Embarked for overseas in August 1944. Returned July, 1945.

**P.O. L. KJERNISTED**—Born March 14, 1913 at The Narrows, Man. Enlisted 1944 with R.C.N.V.R. Stationed on the East coast.

**PTE. C. P. KJERNISTED**—Born March 29, 1920 at Oakview, Man. Enlisted in 1941 in R.C.O.C. Embarked for overseas in March 1943. Served in Europe. Returned July 29, 1945.

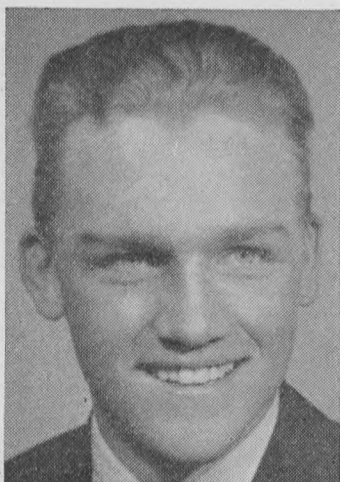
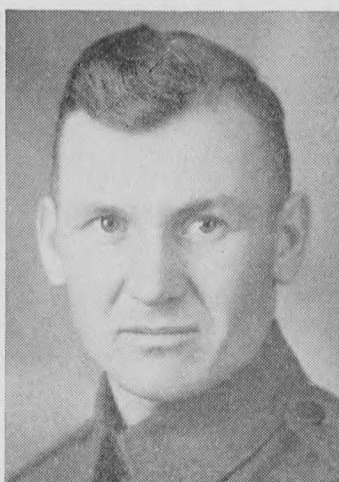
**SONS OF MR. & MRS. CARL KJERNISTED, OAKVIEW, MAN.**



**PTE. EINAR H. LINDAL**—Born at Lundar, Man., May 25, 1921. Enlisted May 1942, went overseas March, 1943. Served in Sicilian and Italian campaigns and later Holland and Germany. Returned to Canada Oct. 1945. Son of Mr. & Mrs. John Lindal of Lundar, Man.



**L-CPL. DAVID HELGI WESTMAN**—Born Sept. 25, 1918 at Churchbridge, Sask. Enlisted in Winnipeg Light Infantry June 8, 1942, and now serving overseas. Son of Mr. & Mrs. D. Westman, Churchbridge, Sask.

**Cpl. Arthur Roy Erickson****Pte. Gordon Erickson**

**CPL. ARTHUR ROY ERICKSON**—Born at Pebble Beach, Man., Dec. 2, 1923. Joined the R.C.A.F. Dec. 1941. Trained at Brandon and St. Thomas. Was stationed in Newfoundland for 3 years. Is now stationed at Sea Island, B. C.

**PTE. GORDON ERICKSON**—Born at Winnipeg Nov. 24, 1916. Enlisted at Vancouver in the Canadian Scottish regiment 1942. Went overseas June 1944. Was wounded in Aug. 1944, and is now hospitalized in Vancouver for treatment of wounds.

**SONS OF MR. & MRS. O. H. ERICKSON, PEBBLE BEACH, MAN.**

**L.-Cpl. H. Halldorson****Sgt. H. L. Halldorson**

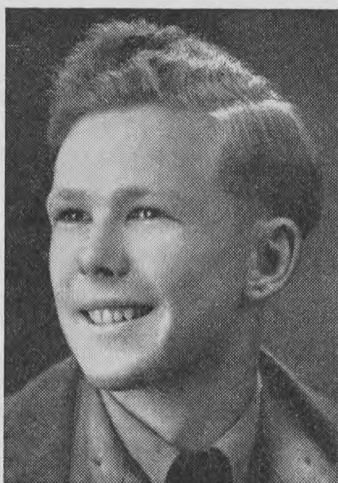
**L.-CPL. HARALDUR HALLDORSON**—Born at Pebble Beach, Man., Dec. 29, 1916. Enlisted in the Royal Winnipeg Rifles in March 1943, later posted to the South Saskatchewan Regiment. Trained at Camp Shilo, Man.

**SGT. HALLDOR LEO HALLDORSON**—Born at Pebble Beach, Man., April 15, 1923. Enlisted with Royal Winnipeg Rifles in March 1943, transferred to Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders and posted overseas in Aug. 1943. Served in France, and was wounded in August 1944.

**SONS OF MR. & MRS. S. HALLDORSON, HAYLAND, MAN.**



Allan F. I. Benedictson



D. V. Benedictson

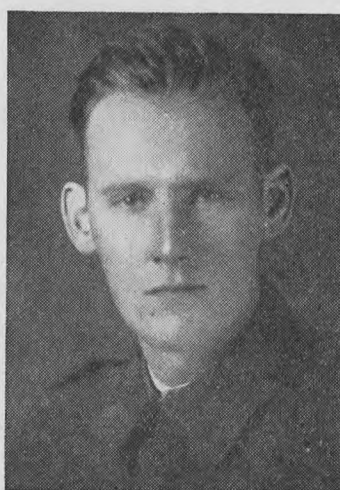
**ALLAN FREDERICK IRWIN BENEDICTSON**—Born Winnipeg Sept. 15, 1924. Brought up at Riverton, Man. Was 2nd year university student and earned the highest tribute of his teachers. Enlisted in June 1944 in C.I.F.C. Trained at Fort Garry and Camp Shilo. Served on the Continent and was killed in action near Oldenburg, Germany, on May 1, 1945.

**DONALD VALDIMAR BENEDICTSON**—Born Aug. 31, 1926 in Winnipeg. Enlisted as Pacific Volunteer April 28, 1945, R.C.A. Signal Corps. Trained at Fort Garry, Wetaskiwin and Barriefield. Discharged Nov. 7, 1945. Now attending Stonewall Coll.

**SONS OF F. VALDIMAR AND KRISTIN S. (FREDERICKSON) BENEDICTSON,  
RIVERTON, MANITOBA**



Olafur Johnson



Arthur Johnson

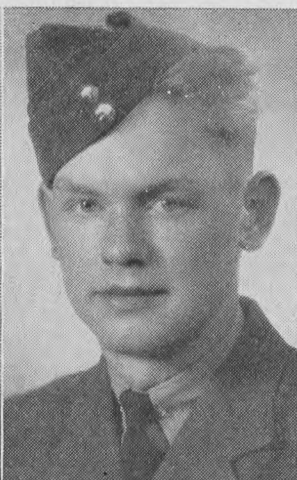
**OLAFUR JOHNSON**, born 1911 and **ARTHUR JOHNSON**, born 1914, in Churchbridge, Sask. Went overseas in Sept. 1940. Returned in Oct. 1945. Served with Artillery. Saw action at Dieppe, Italy, France, Holland and Germany.

**SONS OF MR. & MRS. JAMES JOHNSON, AMARANTH, MAN.**

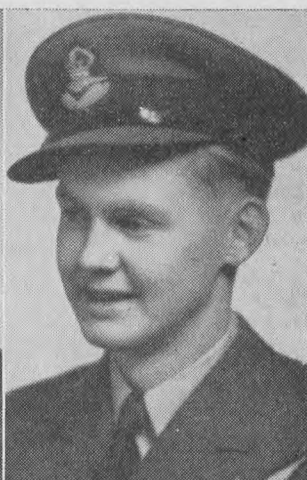




L.A.C. R. L. Samson



L.A.C. J. J. Samson



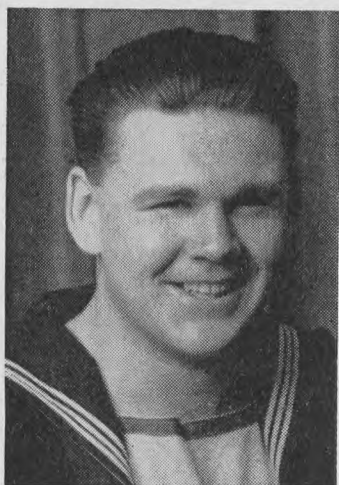
P.O. L. E. Samson

**L.A.C. RAYMOND L. SAMSON**—Born in Winnipeg June 1, 1921. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. Aug. 1941. Trained at Trenton, Ont. Went overseas June 1943. Now in England.

**L.A.C. JOHN J. SAMSON**—Born in Lanigan, Sask., June 18, 1924. Joined R.C.A.F. in April 1943. Trained at St. Thomas, Ont. Is now stationed at Sea Island, B. C.

**P.O. LEWIS EARL SAMSON**—Born in Lanigan, Sask., Oct. 21, 1925. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in Feb. 1944. Received his commission after graduating from Bombing and Gunnery School at Dafoe, Sask. Is now stationed at Paulson, Man.

**SONS OF MR. & MRS. S. F. SAMSON, VANCOUVER, B. C.**



Sto. 1 c S. F. Thorsteinson



Pte. Lawrence Thorsteinson

**STO. 1/c SKULI F. THORSTEINSON**—Born at Naicam, Sask., July 26, 1924. Enlisted R.C.N.V.R. May, 1943. Served 9 months on H.M.C.S. Inch Arran. Disch. Nov. 1945.

**PTE. LAWRENCE THORSTEINSON**—Born at Mozart, Sask., May 26, 1926. Enlisted in Can. Army Dec. 3, 1944. Trained at Maple Creek, Sask., and Calgary, Alta.

**SONS OF MR. & MRS. H. THORSTEINSON, LESLIE, SASK.**



**F.O. John Thompson    Cpl. Thornton Thompson    P.O. M. S. Thompson**

**F.O. JOHN THOMPSON, D.F.C.**—Born at Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 20, 1919. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. Sept. 1941. Went overseas June 1942. Completed 36 trips over enemy territory, receiving the D.F.C. Now at Rockliffe, Ont., with Transport Command.

**CPL. THORNTON THOMPSON**—Born at Winnipeg, Man., Feb. 27, 1915. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. Aug. 7, 1941. Was stationed at Jarvis, Brantford, Ont., Gimli, Man., and Debert, N. S. Discharged Sept. 1945.

**P.O. MAGNUS S. THOMPSON**—Born at Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 15, 1913. Enlisted in R.C.N.V.R. Dec. 1940. Served three years on Pacific Convoy and patrol duty and one year with the North Atlantic mid-ocean escort.

**SONS OF EINAR & KONGARDIA (JOHNSON) THOMPSON, ST. JAMES, MAN.**



**SGT. SNORRI BALDWINSON**—Born at The Narrows, Man., June 16, 1916. Enlisted in Can. Provost Corps Oct. 1943. Posted overseas in March 1945. Now in Germany. Son of Sigurdur and the late Maria Baldwinson of Gimli, Man.



**SPR. JOHN GUDMUNDSON**—Enlisted in June 1940. Went overseas Aug. 1940 with the 4th Field Coy., R.C.E., C.D.N., Canadian Army. Son of the late Fridrik Gudmundson, Mozart, Sask.

**Gnr. Edwin Freeman****L-Sto. Oscar Freeman**

**GNR. EDWIN FREEMAN**—Born at Otto, Man., June 21, 1913. Enlisted in the R.C.A. Feb. 1942. Went overseas Aug. 1942. He was wounded while serving in France Aug. 1944, and later served in Belgium and Holland.

**L.-STO. OSCAR FREEMAN**—Born at Otto, Man., Aug. 1, 1924 Enlisted in April 1943. Went overseas Jan. 1944. Returned on leave in May 1945, and is now in India.

**SONS OF MR. & MRS. S. J. FREEMAN, LUNDAR, MAN.**



**LIEUT. DALLAS H. STEINTHORSON**—Born 1922 in Winnipeg, Man. Enlisted in Royal Canadian Artillery in May 1943. Trained in Halifax and at other eastern training centres. Served in Newfoundland and later posted back to Halifax as an instructor in Heavy Anti Aircraft Unit. Discharged in Oct. 1945, and is now a lecturer in Economics at the University of Manitoba. Son of Mr. & Mrs. H. Steinthorson, Winnipeg, Man.



**P.O. G. ERIC BJORNSON**—Born Lundar, Man., Aug. 15, 1914. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. in Aug. 1942, trained at Souris, Regina and Portage La Prairie; graduated as navigator Dec. 1943. Completed 23 operational trips with Bomber Command before VE day. Returned to Canada Aug. 8, 1945. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Bjorn Bjornson, Lundar, Man.



**Cpl. Douglas Rognvaldson Cpl. Clarence Rognvaldson L.A.C. Ellis Rognvaldson**

**CPL. DOUGLAS ROGNVALDSON**—Born at Winnipegosis, Man., July 9, 1920. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. August 1941. Trained in St. Thomas, Ont. Served as Airframe Mechanic in Dauphin, Man., and Tofino, B. C. Discharged in October 1945.

**CPL. CLARENCE ROGNVALDSON**—Born in Winnipegosis, Man., Aug. 23, 1914. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. in Nov. 1940. Trained in St. Thomas. Served in Alaska and went overseas in Sept. 1943. Served with 6th Group, 433 sqd. Returned to Canada in June 1945. Discharged in September 1945.

**L.A.C. ELLIS ROGNVALDSON**—Born in Winnipegosis, Man., June 17, 1922. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. Aug. 1941. Served as Airframe Mechanic at Trenton. Posted overseas June 1943. Returned to Canada June 1945. Served with 6th Bomber Group, 433 Sqd., overseas. Discharged in September 1945.

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**SONS OF JOHN AND THE LATE ETHEL (Miller-Allen) ROGNVALDSON**

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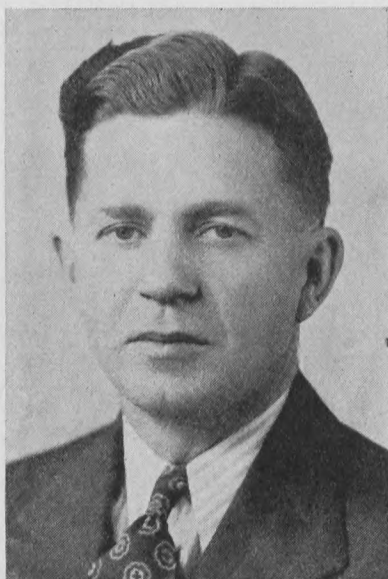
**FLT.-SGT. CARL A. HALLSON**



Born at Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 24, 1910. Joined the R.C.A.F. Sept. 5, 1941. Was Link Trainer Instructor at Edmonton, Oshawa, Regina, Dauphin and Yorkton. Discharged May 2, 1945.

Only son of Bjorn and Esther Hallson of Winnipeg, Man.

Carl was elected president of the Icelandic Canadian Club at the annual meeting in January.





## *Local News and Club Activities*

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### **Annual meeting**

About 80 members and their friends attended the annual meeting of the Icelandic Canadian Club, held in the First Federated church, January 14th.

The president, Mrs H. F. Danielson, gave a report on the year's work and thanked her committees and all club members for their enthusiastic co-operation in all club enterprises during her term of office. The past year, she said, has been one of notable success in a wide sphere of activities. Forty new members were welcomed during the year.

Owing to the devoted service of those in charge, the cultural projects of the club continue to function successfully. Teaching the Icelandic language is kept up at the Icelandic Canadian Evening School and, at the end of this season 24 lectures will have been given on the history and literature of Iceland. The 13 lectures given last season have been published in book form under the title, "Iceland's Thousand Years". The book is widely sold and is proving to be popular reading for descendants of Icelanders and other culturally minded people. This project of the club has the co-operation of the Icelandic National League.

The Icelandic Canadian Magazine is now almost four years old, and has published some 650 pictures of people of Icelandic descent. The voluntary workers on the staff spare no effort to make the magazine a worthwhile publication, and it is becoming increasingly popular. Subscribers number around 1200.

The club has taken part in various community efforts and supported worthwhile causes. The club contributed \$100 to the fund to aid Miss Agnes Sigurdson, in her musical studies in New York.

As its members are now being welcomed back from active service, the club is becoming a social centre for our young people. Besides 9 executive meetings and 8 general meetings during the year, the club has sponsored 9 other functions

of a social nature, climaxed by the Welcome Home Reception held February 18, for the men and women of the armed services, which was sponsored jointly by the Jon Sigurdson chapter, I.O.D.E. and the Icelandic Canadian Club.

The officers and committees elected at the meeting were: Past president, Mrs. H. F. Danielson; president, Carl Hallson; vice-pres. Mrs. Ena Anderson; secretary, Miss Lilja Guttormson; treasurer, Miss Mattie Halldorson; members at large, Capt. W. Kristjanson, Gunnar Thorlakson, Paul Bardal, Hannes J. Lindal, Dr. L. A. Sigurdson. Social committee: Misses S. Bjarnason, L. Thordarson, H. Eggertson, M. Johannesson, S. Jonasson, C. Gunnarson, R. Hallson, G. Eggertson, Mrs. Carl Hallson, Mrs. K. Finnson, Messrs Geo. Asgeirson, Tom Finnbogason, Doug Ramsay, Ray Vopni and Harold Johnson. Membership committee: Mrs. Marg. Kirshaw, Mrs. T. Ruby Couch, Miss S. Johnson and Miss S. Eydal.

Elected to the magazine staff were: Editorial staff: Judge W. J. Lindal, chairman; Mrs. Hólmfríður Danielson, editorial sec.; Gissur Eliasson, sec.; H. F. Skaptason and Axel Vopnfjord. Miss M. Halldorson, Our War Effort; Miss S. Eydal, News editor; Miss Grace Reykdal (now Mrs. Carl Thorsteinson), business manager, and H. F. Danielson, circulation manager.

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### **Welcome Home Reception**

The Jon Sigurdson chapter, I.O.D.E. and the Icelandic Canadian Club sponsored a Welcome Home Reception to honor the men and women in the armed services, who are of Icelandic descent. This took the form of a banquet and dance held at the Royal Alexandra Hotel, February 18. On this occasion 500 honored guests were entertained and over 700 people attended.

Mrs. J. B. Skaptason, regent of the Jon Sigurdson chapter was chairman; Rev. P. M. Petursson said grace. Greetings were given by His Honor, the Lieuten-

ant-Governor. The Premier of the province, S. S. Garson, and the government were represented by G. S. Thorvaldson, K.C., and Mayor Garnet Coulter represented the City of Winnipeg.

Rev. V. J. Eylands gave the Tribute to the Fallen and Judge W. J. Lindal delivered the Address of Welcome; he was introduced by Mrs. H. F. Danielson, president of the Icelandic Canadian

chapter and the Icelandic Canadian Club should undertake to launch this Welcome Home reception, as a culmination to their devoted service to men and women who were in the armed forces. The members of the Jon Sigurdson chapter have, through two wars devoted their energy to supplying comforts to service men. The Icelandic Canadian club is putting forth a splendid effort to



A section of the large banquet room which was packed to the doors.

Club. Responses to the Address of Welcome were made by: Lt. Geo. Johnson, Navy; Lt.-Col. E. Arnason, O.B.E., Army; and Sq.-Ld. T. Johnson, Air Force. Kerr Wilson and Miss M. Helgason rendered vocal solos, the accompanists were Mrs. K. Wilson and Mrs. J. Matthiasson.

Mrs. E. A. Isfeld, chairman of the Reception committee announced that the committee had that day sent a floral tribute in memory of the fallen to each of thirty-three mothers and wives of servicemen, from the City of Winnipeg, who had paid the supreme sacrifice in the war, and she thanked Dr. P. H. T. Thorlakson who had so generously made a most substantial contribution to the committee for this purpose.

It was fitting that the Jon Sigurdson

chapter and the Icelandic Canadian Club should undertake to launch this Welcome Home reception, as a culmination to their devoted service to men and women who were in the armed forces. The members of the Jon Sigurdson chapter have, through two wars devoted their energy to supplying comforts to service men. The Icelandic Canadian club is putting forth a splendid effort to

collect and preserve for posterity, a record of all the men and women of Icelandic extraction who served in this war. It was, moreover, fitting that Mrs. Skaptason should preside at this function; she has been the regent of the chapter through two wars and most untiring in her devotion to duty.

A number of public spirited citizens who wanted to share in this effort to show in a tangible way the appreciation due our fine young service personnel, had accepted the invitation to act as patrons for the banquet. It was due to their splendid support that the reception was so satisfactory in every respect and such a great credit to its sponsors and to the Icelandic Canadian in this community.

The twenty-seventh annual convention of the Icelandic National League of America was held in Winnipeg on the 25, 26 and 27 days of February last. The three day convention followed the usual pattern of reports and discussions during the day and concerts in the evening.

The government of Iceland was represented at the convention by Dr. Ingólfur Gíslason of Reykjavík. In the afternoon of the first day he delivered the official greetings of the government and at the same time extended felicitations from the people of the mother land in general.

Later in the afternoon Dr. Gíslason announced that he had been instructed by the National League of Iceland, which in policy and purpose is the counterpart in Iceland of the League in America, to inform the convention that, in cooperation with the government, it had invited the Icelandic Consul, Grettir L. Johannsson, the editor of *Heimskringla*, Stefán Einarsson, and the editor of *Lögberg*, Einar P. Jónsson, and their wives to visit Iceland next summer and be guests of the League for a month to six weeks. He then delivered the official invitations and the recipients expressed their appreciation of the honour bestowed upon them.

The first concert was under the auspices of the Icelandic Canadian Club with Mrs. H. Danielson in the chair. The guest speaker was Hon. Nels G. Johnson, Attorney General of North Dakota, who delivered a timely address on the part that small nations can play in present day world organizations. His address appears elsewhere in this issue.

During the afternoon deliberations Mrs. Danielson gave a comprehensive report on the activities of the Icelandic Canadian Club, including this magazine and the publication of the lectures: *Iceland's Thousand Years*. Her report was enthusiastically received, all present rising in appreciation of the work being done.

The second concert was in the hands of "Frón" the Winnipeg Chapter of the League. Guðmann Levy, the president, was in the chair. The speaker was Dr.

Gíslason, who dwelt on the advances made in the medical arts in Iceland and briefly referred to the progress the nation is making in other fields.

The last concert was chaired by Dr. Richard Beck. Motion pictures in color were shown of a trip through some of the many scenic beauty spots in Iceland. The variety of color and landscape gave one some understanding of the patriotic fervor of the people of Iceland and the freshness of the memories of those who left its shores many years ago.

Dr. Gíslason addressed the meeting and during the course of his remarks paid tribute to the retiring president, Dr. Richard Beck. In his address, quite impromptu, he combined spontaneous humor with a heartfelt gratitude to the people here of his kith and kin for the welcome he had received and at the same time interspersed his remarks with words of wisdom and advice. Dr. Gíslason is one of those rare persons to whom the art of public speaking, in all its phases, is a natural gift. He reminds one of the late W. H. Paulson. Like "W. H." he appreciates poetry and can express himself in the language of the poet, as he did on this occasion.

In the election of officers for the ensuing year there was a slight change. Dr. Richard Beck retired from the presidency and the meeting unanimously chose Rev. V. J. Eylands for president and Rev. P. M. Petursson for vice president. A better team could not have been chosen and their selection augurs well for the activities of the League for the coming year. All the other officers were re-elected.

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It is said that we should not let pleasure interfere with business. That is only partly true. He is wise who is able to map out a course where a proper amount of time is allotted to each. Wiser still is the one who can add some other useful service or work to his chosen occupation and time of relaxation. That person deserves a laurel wreath who can maintain his calling and other service at full capacity and at the same time

raise the hours of pleasure to the realm of romance.

Such a person we have on the staff of the magazine. Our business manager, Grace Reykdal, has in the recent past performed all the duties, administrative and clerical, in the company with which she is associated, both as shareholder and director. At the same time she has carried out her work for the magazine with the dispatch and efficiency which has characterized it since this project was launched. Yet she was able to take time off to travel in the perfumed field of romance. Just when she entered it is unknown to us. But what we do know is that on February 2 last, Grace Reykdal became Mrs. Carl Thorsteinson.

The staff of the magazine is happy to extend congratulations and all good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Thorsteinson. As Carl is a son of the well-known poet, Þorsteinn Þ. Þorsteinsson, and Grace is known to have a felicity of expression in what she writes, it is to be hoped that the magazine may profit from this happy marriage.

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At the annual meeting of the Jon Sigurdson Chapter, I.O.D.E., held in February, Mrs. B. S. Benson was elected regent. Mrs. Benson has been for many years one of the most active members of the chapter and has been vice-regent for the past few years. She is a member of the office staff of Columbia Press Ltd.

On the 30th anniversary of the chapter, March 23, Mrs. J. B. Skaptason, the retiring regent, was honored at a dinner. In recognition of her sixteen years' service as regent, the members presented her with a life membership certificate, in the Provincial chapter, I.O.D.E.

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Mrs. Sigga Cook was a recent visitor in Winnipeg and was entertained on several occasions by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the United Commercial Travelers. Mrs. Cook is grand councillor of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the United Commercial travelers for Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. She is the daughter of the late Pétur Pétursson and his wife Jó-

hanna, formerly of Lundar, Manitoba. Mrs. Pétursson is now living in Winnipeg.

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### RADIO NEWS



**DONNA HOPE** is the featured vocalist on the Burn's Barn Dance, heard every Saturday night over CKRC, Winnipeg.

Donna is attending the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate, in grade 11. She is a member of the school choir and also took part in the school opera this year.

She is the daughter of Angus and Anna Hope, and granddaughter of the late Hjörtur and Guðrún Guðmundsson of Arnes, Man.

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### LEAVES FOR NEW YORK

The eminent pianist Miss Snjolaug Sigurdson, left for New York early in January to continue advanced study in her chosen profession with prominent teachers there. Miss Sigurdson is well known in musical circles here for her talent and ability as a musician. We wish her the best of luck.

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**Correction** — Lorraine Fecteau is the daughter of Anna Thordarson Fecteau not Anna Thorvaldson.

The two students receiving the David Stewart Scholarships are Thora Stefansson, Roblin and Clifford Amundson, Selkirk.



## Miss U. of M.



**Miss Dorothy Thompson**

was crowned queen at the annual university ice carnival. She is the daughter of Dr. & Mrs. S. O. Thompson, Riverton, Man. The master of ceremonies on this occasion was Wilf Baldwin.

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**George Salverson**, Winnipeg radio writer, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Salverson, 291 Oakwood Ave., Winnipeg. Recently had a play entitled Discord

repeated over the CBC—CKY network by popular request. This is one of a number of his plays including Ballerina Bewitched, Broken Shield, Magnificent Spark, Thunder, Letter for the New Year, which have been produced over a national network.

George Salverson first entered radio work with CFAR at Flin Flon, Man. Since 1942 he has worked at CKRC as continuity writer. His dramatic work first received recognition as the result of a series of plays, John Smith Canadian, done at the request of the Canadian Army, M.D. 10.

A year ago he wrote and produced The Zero Hour series, based on actual experiences of Manitoba Soldiers, which gained him further popularity.

At present he is producing the half-hour Eaton's Home Service League program.

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## RECEIVES HER WINGS



**MISS SILVIA JONASSON** is undoubtedly the first Icelandic girl to receive her wings, and become a full fledged flyer. She completed her course at Johanneson's Flying School. Her parents are Mr. & Mrs. G. F. Jonasson, 195 Ash St., Wpg.

## *A Tribute to a Western Canadian Singer*



**Thora Thorsteinsson Smith**

The people of Icelandic heritage in Vancouver, B. C., watch with deep interest the career of Thora Thorsteinsson Smith. Recognized as one of the leading sopranos of this western city, she has maintained a high standard of excellence in her work in many branches of musical endeavor. Therefore, it gives much pleasure to her compatriots that her professional name reflects her Viking ancestry.

Born in Vancouver, of Icelandic parentage, she is the third child of the late Thora Bergsteinsdóttir and Bernhard L. Thorsteinsson. It was from her musically gifted mother that Thora received encouragement and inspiration to develop her latent musical talent. Also, it is interesting to know that her father was one of the earliest of pioneers, having come from Iceland at the age of twenty-two, and eventually reaching the shores of the Pacific, where he has since made his home.

Educated in the elementary schools of the city, and at the University of B. C., Thora was granted a position on the Vancouver City Staff, where she specialized in the teaching of choral singing.

Her classes in choral singing were en-

tered in the spring festivals, and received much praise. To quote at random from the newspaper reports such remarks as: 'No finer singing heard', 'A model for adult choirs', and 'You can see what is being done in your schools'. Praise from such adjudicators as Dr. Armstrong, Frederick Staton and Harold Samuel is significant of the enthusiasm provoked by the singing of her young choristers.

As proof of the splendid training received, one of her entries, the Grade V. of the Tecumseh School, by winning three firsts, one second and one third, in the festival of 1932 was presented with the MacLennan Shield, as well as the Lion's Club Trophy, for 'the high standard of performance'.

In 1933 she was married to Sydney F. Smith, who as a young man in his 'teens had volunteered for service in the first World War, and has four and one half years overseas service, to his credit. An accomplished singer himself, he encouraged his wife to further study. In the summer of 1934, she obtained her L.R.S.M. (Licentiate of the Royal Schools of Music) degree. Entering in the festival of 1936, she became vocal champion for that year.

Upon her marriage, it was necessary that she relinquish her position on the city staff, so she turned to private vocal teaching. Her pupils continue to win honors in recital, festival and operetta work.

However, it was during all these years, that Thora Thorsteinsson was unfolding a career in her own right. Gifted with a clear soprano voice, of exquisite purity of tone, and with strength in control, she became popular as a soloist on increasingly numerous occasions. Whether it be service clubs, philharmonic or musical clubs in the city churches, at organ recitals, or at tea-musicals, all eagerly sought her for secular, sacred or concert programs.

At various times has she been a member of choral groups, such as the Western

Singers, the Cathedral Singers, and the Bach Choir, and on practically every occasion chosen as soprano soloist.

In Vancouver, it has been the custom for the Oratorio Society to prepare and present two major works of the classical composers during the winter months. Sung in the dignified setting of Christ Church Cathedral, such massive, eloquent oratorios as the Messiah, the Creation, Elijah, Samson, Judas Maccabeus, etc., have been heard by audiences numbering well over a thousand listeners. As evidence of Thora Thorsteinsson Smith's true artistry, she has been the soprano soloist for thirteen consecutive productions. Quoting from press excerpts, 'her singing was invested with fine interpretive sense, a musical rendition of her part, and sung with the very note needed for this particular type of singing'.

In spite of a very full calendar of engagements, this energetic young lady found time to identify herself with radio programs. Sometimes it was a quarter hour under her own name, but more frequently, as a member of singing groups, often heard over national hook-ups.

She also pioneered in the early school broadcasts, taking the part of "Mother Goose" in the Junior Music Series. In recent years, she has been heard as 'Judy' in the Songtime Educational Program. This is usually heard over a western hook-up on Tuesday afternoons. Another regular appearance on the airwaves, at present, is with a hymn-time program Friday evenings called "Eventide".

It was the Bishop of Iceland, who on hearing her sing on the occasion of his visit to the West coast, suggested that a recording of her voice be made to be sent to Iceland to be used in educational work there. This was arranged for by the War Information Board, Public Relations Branch, New York City, and has already been used in Iceland in programs designed to foster good-will and friendly relations between the two countries.

That she has an inclination for singing sacred music is shown by the constancy

of her church engagements, as for eight years soloist in the same church and now as singer in the Church of Christ, Scientist, Vancouver.

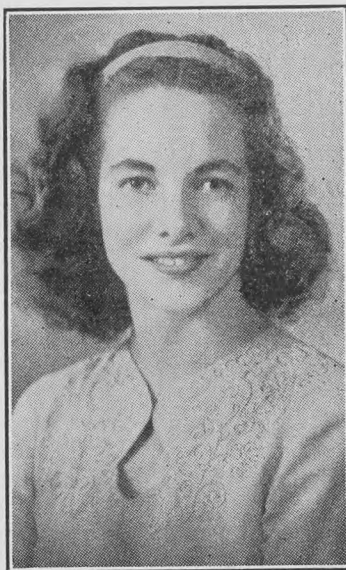
In reviewing the achievements of the past years, one gains an appreciation of the willingness and the generosity of Mrs. Smith. Whether it be in the Children's ward of the City Hospital, or when singing at the Icelandic Christmas Service, or when entertaining the armed forces, she graciously lends her voice to enhance the occasion.

Attractive in appearance, and unassuming in manner, she wins friends easily. All who are privileged to hear her, recognize the admirable qualities of her voice, with the result that in Vancouver, and throughout the western area are countless numbers of listeners who gratefully and sincerely wish her continued success in her happy vocation.

**Lillian T. Sumarlidason**



#### UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA MUSIC SCHOLARSHIP



**MISS MARGARET H. MACKEEN**, winner of Jon Sigurdson Chapter, I.O.D.E. scholarship. Daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. W. MacKeen of 1012 Dominion St. Wpg.

## *Two Icelandic Legislators*



**BYRON I. JOHNSON**

At the recent by-election in New Westminster, one of our countrymen, Byron I. Johnson, was elected with a overwhelming majority as the Coalition candidate. This was well merited as Byron Johnson is exceptionally well qualified in the field of provincial governments and politics in general, having been a member for Victoria from 1931 to 1935, and his return into the Provincial Government has been hailed with great enthusiasm.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Johnson is the first and only Iclander that has been elected to the Provincial Legislature in this province, and this now for the second time.

He is General Manager of Gilley Bros., of New Westminster. He is a member of the leading service clubs in the city. Has been a keen participant of athletics during his younger years and is always willing to foster the young athletic clubs in his community.

Last summer he was decorated with the O.B.E., and is a man that takes great interest in his local government and the well-being of the city in which he lives.

He takes a keen interest in Canadian

political history as well as a keen interest of economics and finance.

It can be said with justifiable pride that we have in Mr. Johnson an outstanding Canadian citizen and an outstanding Iclander.

★



**Chris Halldorson, M.L.A.,**

newly elected to the Manitoba Legislature; article appeared in December issue.

## **SPORTS EVENTS**

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The following Icelanders were winners in recent curling events:

Leo Johnson — Tucker Trophy, City of Winnipeg championship.

George Sigmar — Blue Ribbon Trophy, Commercial Travellers Association.

Herman Arnason, Gimli — Free Press Trophy.

Paul Sigurdson, Morden, Man. — Calhoun Trophy, High School Competition.

In the Manitoba Bonspiel just completed the team skipped by Leo Johnson won the Manitoba Championship.



## *The Smile*

By THORIR BERGSSON

Translated from the Icelandic by AXEL EYBERG and JOHN WATKINS.

★

(Editorial Note: This beautiful translation of "Brosið" is typical of the high standard of work of the translators, Prof. John Watkins and Alex Eyberg. The former is at present a professor in English at Manitoba University. For a number of years he was secretary of The American-Scandinavian Foundation in the United States. He has studied the four Scandinavian languages, can read them all and has a fair oral command of Danish and Swedish. Axel Eyberg is a native of Iceland who has lived in New York City for over twenty years. He is a man whose cultural heritage has been enriched by constant and discriminating reading of the best in Icelandic literature.

These two men have translated a number of Icelandic short stories which have appeared in the American-Scandinavian Review and elsewhere. Two are in Richard Beck's "Icelandic Poems and Stories". The Icelandic Canadian hopes to be privileged to publish more from the pens of these two men. Appreciation is extended to the American-Scandinavian Foundation for its permission to re-publish this little gem.)

It was in the twilight, late in Advent, a Sunday evening when the days were getting short. Actually it was about the middle of the day, although it had begun to get dark.

I was lying on the sofa making myself as comfortable as possible.

Bjarni sat beside the stove with his pipe in his mouth staring out into the darkness. Flurries of snow had suddenly obscured the light, so that it was almost entirely dark inside. The stove was open and it was burning brightly. The flames cast fantastic reflections around the room.

We had been silent a good while. Bjarni was no great talker, and we were good enough friends to be able, without effort, to sit silent together by the hour, each lost in his own thoughts. We enjoyed it. This time I was not really thinking about anything, but just lying there looking at the reflections from the stove which leaped across the ceiling and sometimes down along the walls and seemed strangely like the northern lights. From that and from the noise of the storm around the house, my mind was carried to the northern part of the country. And before I knew it I was skating there, but not in a storm, no, on a moonlit evening with beautiful northern lights.

Just then the church bells began to

ring. They could be heard faintly now and then through the storm, like the ringing of elfin bells in the ears of enchanted people as described in the folk-tales.

Bjarni looked up. "I think I was dozing off," he said. I woke up when the bells began to ring. It's a wonder they bother in weather like this."

I said nothing. Bjarni got up and went over to the tobacco box in the corner of the room and filled his pipe. Then he lighted it slowly and deliberately and sat down again in the same place as before.

"Are you really asleep?" he said.

"No."

"Well not just, but pretty nearly. It's such a comfortable feeling to sit in the darkness and warmth, especially in weather like this, and keep silent and think."

"There were two points in your speech," said I, "which had to do with you but not with me. You're sitting, I'm lying down; you're thinking, I'm not. And you forgot, too, that to be really comfortable you have to be smoking. But here I lie and haven't the heart to get up."

Bjarni brought me the tobacco and the matches and sat down again.

"Of course you were thinking," he said. "That's just what thinking is. When the mind is allowed to follow

its course unhindered, as in a dream, and there is nothing to interfere."

"I wonder if there isn't almost always something to interfere. Just now, for example, I was trying to concoct a quatrain, and then I noticed all at once that the reflection from the stove is something like the northern lights. And so one thing after another came into my mind. It might much better be called non-thinking."

"Very true, but silly nevertheless," said Bjarni yawning. "Still it's amusing to let your mind roam. Sometimes it's impossible, as you know. Something is there so firmly that it's there always. Even one's dreams are about it. You're lucky to be able to let your mind roam."

I smoked and said nothing. I watched Bjarni finish his pipe and lay it on the table. He took his time about it.

"It was the spring before last," he began. "I went to the eastern counties. Up above Goat Ridge I ran into a couple from the East and their daughter. I overtook them on horseback. The lass was so good-looking and so peculiarly attractive that I couldn't bring myself to part with them and kept them company. Attractive, I say, no I tell you she was downright beautiful! But she was badly dressed and shy. She had that 'something' about her that so many wealthy and well-brought-up and good-looking girls lack. And how she could smile!"

Bjarni was silent for some time. I smiled to myself and smoked. The storm had passed over, but night had fallen. Bjarni filled his pipe again.

"It's really strange," he continued, "how a beautiful smile can stick in your mind. I had never seen the girl before, and the only thing I know about her to this day is that she smiled every time I looked at her on the way across the heath. I dawdled along with them all the way and chatted with the old man and the old woman, for she spoke hardly a word. Not that she was stupid, I could see that from her eyes, peculiarly beautiful eyes, I tell you. I felt rewarded many times over, and never has the journey over Hellisheid seemed so short.

Two or three times since I have seen as it were a reflection of this smile in the smiles of other women, and believe me, it has warmed the cockles of my heart!"

Bjarni became silent again. I looked at those strange reflections from the stove. They awakened sundry memories, and I listened to Bjarni through my own thoughts.

"There was nothing in that smile but innocence," he said. "Nothing that offered anything or promised anything. But it shone so deep into the limpid and beautiful soul of the woman. She was shy toward me, it showed in her eyes when she looked at me. But it was I who should have been shy toward her, who should have gone down on my knees before her and asked forgiveness for my sins. On so much higher a plane was her soul than mine. I am thinking how happy is the man to whom she gives her love—though she had nothing else to give. How many times over must he not feel rewarded for all his toil, all the sweat of his brow, when he comes home in the evening after his day's labor and she meets him with one of those smiles. One of those smiles; I said. What nonsense! For what are the smiles she gave me compared to those she gives the one she loves?"

"You have purely and simply fallen in love with her," I said.

"That would be ridiculous, don't you think?" said Bjarni, getting up and pacing the floor. "But I can truthfully say that I remember those smiles better than many kisses. It started to rain during the day, as we were crossing the heath, and I lent her my raincoat. She was so pale and delicate and poorly clad. And then when we said good-bye, she smiled."

"She has obviously been glad to get rid of you!" said I.

Bjarni did not answer. He sat down and stared into the fire. I thought I had offended him and was about to say something when he began again to speak.

"I don't know," he answered. "Maybe so. This autumn I went East again and

came to her father's farm. She was not at home. It was beautiful on that farm. There is a rock above the house with a ledge where willows grow. There I know she has often sat and smiled."

Bjarni now put his pipe in his pocket and stood up. "I'm going now before the next flurry comes on. Good-bye."

"Say, Bjarni," I said sitting up. "Why did you tell me this now and not before?"

"I'll tell you why," he said in a low voice. I met her here on the street a little while ago, when I was on my way to see you. And she recognized me and—" he hesitated.

"And what?" I asked.

"And smiled!"

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## Book Review

★

### LUTHERANS IN CANADA

By Valdimar J. Eylands

Here is a book which should be of special interest to Icelanders, not only because its author is the newly elected president of the Icelandic National League, but also because it contains a most interesting chapter on the history of the Icelandic people in Canada.

This is a story of a pioneer church. There were quarrels and disagreements. This is bound to occur among a group of individualists who hold strong convictions. And yet the fact which stands out most clearly is that here was a church which was a vital force in the community it served. It was a source of strength, it helped the people to bear the physical and spiritual hardships of their harsh existence and it was the nucleus around which the cultural as well as the religious life of the community grew.

To the reader unfamiliar with the history of the Icelandic settlements in Canada this book is especially interesting. The same is true of course, for the other Lutheran settlements in Canada among the Scandinavian and German people.

This should be a valuable reference book, and it is most fortunate that the material has been collected and published at this time, when, with the passing of the children of the original settlers, much of it might have been lost. Its compilation has involved an immense amount of careful research.

The excellent illustrations add much to the interest of the book. And the fact that it is well indexed and that there are a number of carefully compiled tables of statistics make it of especial value to the student.

These last paragraphs are not intended to scare away the general public. Even the most casual reader will find much to interest him in Lutherans in Canada.—H. S.

## A SHEAF OF VERSES

By Richard Beck

When I first read "A Sheaf of Verses" I felt prone to ask why there was only one sheaf. But as my mind hurriedly passed over the author's many and diverse intellectual activities during the past decade or two I came to the conclusion that it is a wonder that we have even one sheaf.

The toil and sacrifice of the pioneer inspired the best verses in the collection. The inmost feelings of the author are expressed in poetic language of a high standard in this verse:

You walk a sacred ground, tread gently  
here;  
This field was dearly bought. Through  
sacrifice  
Of blood and tears a nation's glories rise,  
Built by men who never learned to  
yield  
To any foe—mortal or not of clay.

In a world of conflicts such as we live in, where our hopes rise one day only to be blasted the next, it is a comfort to read this sincere and humble prayer on Christmas day:

Marred are the pages of our book of life  
By blood and tears, by hate and cruel  
strife.  
Forgive, O Lord, the error of our way,  
Grant us Thy "vision beautiful", we  
pray.

It is to be hoped that as Dr. Beck narrows his field of activities he may find more time to devote to the art of expressing his thoughts and feelings in the language of poetry.—W. J. L.

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1945 \$924,233,769

## NEW BUSINESS

—new insurances and annuities purchased by men and women of the United States and Canada during the year.

1939 \$ 56,524,000

1945 \$129,773,112

## PAYMENTS TO POLICYOWNERS AND BENEFICIARIES

—payments to living Policyowners, death benefits paid to beneficiaries and amounts added to Policyowners' Funds.

1939 \$ 21,217,540

1945 \$ 38,712,602

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—these are the total resources of the Company. They are well diversified and conservatively appraised.

1939 \$167,456,203

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—these are our obligations of which 98% are set aside for the benefit of Policyowners.

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